

The New-York Weekly Magazine;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

W E D N E S D A Y, APRIL 6, 1796.

[No. 40.]

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON AMBITION.

AMBITION is one of the many qualities, which are at once ornamental and disgraceful to human nature: a laudable and well timed ambition to do good and worthy actions, gives a dignity to its possessor, and renders him a worthy member of society: but when carried to excess, generally sullies and disgraces all his other actions; too great a desire of power is commonly the forerunner of ill fortune, how many instances do we read of its fatal effects; its possessor, however worthy in every other respect, generally falls a prey to this one failing, and when he falls, he falls (in the words of Cardinal Wolsey) "never to rise again."—Oh ambition! thy votaries are many, but few, very few follow thee through a proper principle; very few are contented with the lot they at present possess, let it be ever so happy, still striving, till in the end they very probably experience a total downfall; those alone are truly happy, who can remain calm and unruffled through the tempestuous sea of life, who desire no higher station than that which providence has allotted them, and instead of rendering their lives unhappy by a fruitless ambition, endeavour to make them as happy as is consistent with the rules of Providence. Which is the most desirable character, the peasant in his homely cot, surrounded by his family, who knows no ambition but that which tends to their benefit? or the rich man whose ambition and pride make him soar above himself, and who knows no happiness except the gratification of his own inordinate desires? The peasant discovers new pleasures each succeeding day to heighten his domestic felicity, while the other still wallows in the same insipid scenes of profusion; speak readers which character is most worthy of imitation? Methinks you all declare unanimously for the poor, but contented cottager; then does it not follow of course, that the peasant with no ambition, and no desire to alter his situation, is to be more respected than the man who fancies the earth not large enough to gratify his riches.

NEW-YORK, March 30, 1796.

ALEXIS.

OLD PROVERBS EXPLAINED.

A close mouth catcheth no flies.

THIS proverb shews the necessity of laying a proper restraint on the tongue, as keeping the mouth closed, prevents flies and all extraneous and noisome particles from entering therein; so a due care in conversation, a cautiousness in publishing what we know to the disadvantage of others, and curbing our loquacity, prevent disagreeable altercations and contests; which every prudent person would wish to avoid.

A bent bow at last waxeth weak.

The mind that is kept incessantly engaged in one pursuit, loses in time much of its vigour—some relaxation is necessary for the renovation of its powers. But care must be taken that this relaxation, from too long a continuance, does not border on idleness.

A fool and his money is soon parted.

This much-used proverb needs very little explanation. It may not, however, be amiss to observe, that it is not unworthy the attention even of those who are the farthest removed from the suspicion of idiotism; as too many deserve the appellation of fools, for an improvident use of their money, tho' they are not deficient in any other branch of knowledge.

As long liveth a merry man, as a sad.

This proverb affords an antidote against dejection and despair. A man, in his passage through this sublunary state, had much better tread the path of life cheerfully; skipping lightly over the thorns and briars which obstruct his way, than sit down under every hedge lamenting his hard fate in being placed in a world so over-run with them. The thread of a cheerful man's life is not sooner severed by the fates than that of one who is continually sad and desponding; then what does care avail? A prudential conduct in the general concerns of life, is undoubtedly in the first place to be attended to; and without it the cheerfulness here proverbially recommended, can be but transitory; but if that should prove unsuccessful, and distress unavoidably succeed, dejection and despair will be far from affording relief.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT—A TALE.

(Continued from page 311.)

“**W**HEN that event took place, I was determined to abandon myself to every thing the world denominates pleasure. I have accumulated vast heaps of treasure, (said I) and there is no one to inherit it, I will therefore enjoy it myself! I gambled, made feasts, attended all places of public diversion, and frequently went out with a party of hunters; it was in one of these excursions that I formed the design of revisiting this forlorn abode, and taking up my residence here for some weeks, with my companions and attendants.

“And now what recompence shall I make you for the sad consequences of our rencontre. A trifling one indeed. Though but the bare satisfaction of seeing me penitent.’ He made a pause, and then delivering me some papers that he drew from his bosom, ‘here, St. Herbert (added he) is my will, and enclosed you will discover directions for finding where my property is, alas, it will be mine but a little longer.’

“It was in vain that I endeavoured to cheer the disheartened old man, he decayed beneath the pressure of his grief, as the flowers of Autumn wither before the stormy harbingers of winter, and after languishing ten days, I saw him deposited by the side of the tomb over which he had so often wept.

“Upon opening the will, I perceived that he had bequeathed me the whole of his estate, and not having occasion for many servants, I dismissed those slaves that he had brought with him, giving them papers of manumission; one, however, preferred my service to liberty, he is the same whom you saw this evening. I likewise retained the Indian girl and the child’s nurse, and with this little family I endeavoured to render myself as comfortable as my situation would permit.

“As my daughter grew, I found the pleasing task of cultivating her mind, to wear away my depression by insensible degrees. I thought I perceived all her mother in her again, her features, form, disposition and even manners bore so strong a resemblance to my Louisa, that I loved the parent in the child and half forgot my loss.

“Wishing now only to live to make her happy, I made large improvements in the garden and the house, and being quite a proficient in music, I had that little temple erected in the grove of fir, for a place to teach my daughter in, and she decorated it with shrubs and flowers as her fancy led her. The happiness of each other was our mutual study; when I was melancholy I would repeat to her the mournful occurrences of my life, and she would weep with me over the evils incident to humanity, and when in my gayer moments I sought to make her cheerful, she would draw me to her harpichord, and there regale my feelings with the most enlivening sounds; let it suffice for me to say that in

“the possession of such a child I considered myself as the happiest of widowed fathers.

“Louisa had attained her fifteenth year, when one summer’s evening as we were strolling along the road to our next neighbour’s, we were alarmed by the voice of one calling for assistance; she ran to the cottage while I hastened toward the thicket from whence the sound came, and there beheld a Phaeton overset, and a young man lying near it senseless, while the driver who was calling out, sat upon a log; on seeing me he attempted to rise, but immediately sunk down again into a swoon; some of the farmer’s family just then coming up, we placed the two insensibles in the carriage and gently drove them to my habitation.

“After placing them upon beds, and applying such things as were necessary to relieve them, we had the happiness to see them revive; they told us they were come from the metropolis with some surveyors, and were going to purchase some land near us; that they had been separated from them by the darkness of the preceding night, and not having been able to regain the broad road, they had pursued another, where they were unfortunately overturned; upon examination we found that the young man was exceedingly bruised, and the knee and shoulder of the driver were dislocated.

“We had but just replaced the bones and anointed the bruises of our guests, when my daughter came in; as soon as the young man saw her, painful as the effort was, he raised himself upon his elbow and bowed; and my timid girl who had never seen so charming a youth before, returned the salute with a gentle inclination of the head, while her blushes half suffocated her.

“Julius Cuthbert was about twenty-two, rather above the common size and elegantly formed, his lively eyes were of a beautiful blue, and his hair light; his mouth, —but why need I descend to particulars, he was not a regular beauty, but he had that fine expression of countenance that defied the heart to be insensible of its attractions. Louisa, as I said before, was just fifteen, her eyes large, full and black, her complexion such as a limner might wish to pattern from, she was not tall, but most enchantingly proportioned, and a redundancy of long dark brown hair, more soft and glossy than the finest product of the labouring worm, completed the outline of her figure. (To be continued.)

LOVE.

LOVE is that prepossession we feel in our breasts for a particular person, whose perfections we are more than ordinary sensible of, whose person and humour strike in with our fancies, who at once commands our esteem, and excites our tenderness, and for whose sake we could contentedly give up every other pursuit, expecting to find in the enjoyment of the beloved object, the fulness of all terrestrial happiness. Such a passion inspires us with the most refined sentiments and exalted notions, gives us an elevation of mind, a benignity of temper, sinking and depriving every vice, strengthening and improving every virtue.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE REPENTANT PROSTITUTE.

A FRAGMENT.

LAST Sunday evening, as I was taking my usual walk on the battery, a female caught my attention, she was leaning against the railing—I had taken a few turns,—she was weeping—I always feel for a fellow mortal; the people were fast retiring, and the unhappy object engaged my attention—I walked up to her—"Can I help thee to any thing—if I can alleviate that grief of thine, speak, unbosom thyself to me, and if all have cast thee off, I will be thy friend."—"I have no relations" she replied, "that will take notice of me—I had a mother, but I fear that my evil ways have long since deprived her of life." "Where did your mother reside?"—"At ———," "about sixty miles from this. I have not heard from her these four years. My aunt won't see me—Heaven knows she was the cause of my leaving virtue's paths, but I forgive her"—she stopped, her tears flowed copiously, "Would you wish to return to your native village?"—"Most willingly, Sir, if I could obtain enough to bear my expences."—I satisfied her in that respect, and begged that she would gratify me with her history, she complied with my request, and on my return home I penned it.

CAROLINE'S HISTORY.

CAROLINE, was the delight of her parents,—their only child; her father had bid adieu to the things of this world before she was in being; and her mother, long ere the daughter saw the light, had been a willing recluse. She knew the dangers to which youth are exposed in the city, where vice is predominant, and therefore hastened from it. Her abode was fixed in the village of N——, which for beauty can be surpassed by none. 'Twas there she ingrafted in the tender mind of her daughter the precepts of piety.

Long reared in virtue's school, Caroline thirsted not for the vain amusements of a city life. Happiness, if such there is, resided not there. The sprightly dance, the evening walk, or an excursion on the water, were pleasures which left no sting behind. Of these Caroline partook.

One evening, when Caroline, as was her custom, was reading some well-chosen book, a letter from an aunt in the city, was received. It contained intelligence of a sudden illness, with a request that Caroline might visit her.

Mrs. Marston asked her daughter if she was willing to go. "If it were not that your aunt's illness called for your attendance, I would not urge a compliance."—"She is vain,—be on your guard. Let your stay be short."—"In a few days at farthest return, my Caroline, your mother's existence wholly depends on you. You are the solace of my declining years. Should you be led to

"prefer the city, and imbibe its vices, life would forsake this feeble tenement, and the child of my age would break my heart."

Caroline wept while her mother was addressing her and after assurances of a speedy return, reluctantly left the place that gave her birth, and in two days arrived in New York.

The aunt of Caroline was almost recovered when the fair rustic appeared. Three days had scarcely elapsed when she thought of returning. Her aunt persuaded her to prolong her stay for a week. She unwillingly acquiesced. In that space of time, Caroline, persuaded by her aunt, mixt with the giddy, the gay and the vain.—Forced at first to attend the places of public amusement, she too soon acquired a taste for them.—and forgot, in the midst of pleasure, those charming innocent hours, when pure and unmixed happiness reigned in the maternal cottage. Amongst the number of her new acquaintances, was a youth, handsome and elegant, but deceitful, vain, and designing—He soon obtruded himself on the too susceptible Caroline's notice—and taking advantage of her simplicity, he at length succeeded in his designs—After attending on her during an evening's amusement, he offered his services to see her home. She consented—and when the morning sun arose in its splendor, alas! it beheld Caroline no longer virtuous!

L. B.

New-York, April 1, 1796.

A MAXIM.

THOSE actions which we denominate virtuous, have not any absolute and independent, but a relative and reflected beauty, and the source from which they derive their lustre is the intention which guided them. If well intended, whether they produce good or evil, they are equally virtuous. The producing good or evil are the accidents; the intention to produce good, is the essence of virtue; and this is the criterion or test, by which virtue is to be determined.

Answer to the Enigmatical list of young ladies in our last.

1. Miss Whippo.
2. Miss Weeks.
3. Miss Burling.
4. Miss Harrisson.
5. Miss Dominick.
6. Miss Bennet.
7. Miss Jackson.
8. Miss Jarvis.

Answer to the Enigmatical list in No. 38.

1. Miss Bush.
2. Miss Menly.
3. Miss Cornell.
4. Miss Burling.
5. Miss Augustin.
6. Miss Mott.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAPIA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 310.)

"WHAT do you think of the contents of this letter?" The Count said when I returned it to him with evident marks of astonishment.

"I must confess this letter has almost entirely changed my bad opinion of the Irishman."

"I might almost say mine too!"

"By heaven! if your incredulity begins to waver, then I have no reason to blush at my relapse!"

The Count seemed to be lost in profound meditation, walking up and down the apartment with hasty strides. "No!" he exclaimed at length, "it is impossible I should have been so much mistaken with regard to that man. I still affirm he either must be a charlatan or a consummate rogue!"

"But his defence seems not to confirm this hard judgment of yours. The serious, solemn, and frank tone of his defence, the equanimity with which he submits to his fate, and the confidence with which he awaits the final issue of his trial—"

"Is probably dissimulation and rank deception—nothing else. Nevertheless," continued the Count, after some reflection, "If I consider that my friend, who has learned to distinguish between appearances and reality, between dissimulation and truth, who has himself had a very bad opinion of the Irishman, and without doubt, accepted his invitation for no other reason than to unmask and to humble him; if I consider that my friend, notwithstanding this, exclaims him entirely, and admires a man whom he firmly believed to be a villain—one should think that all cannot be deception and hypocrisy."

"Believe me Count!" I exclaimed, "in a situation like that of the Irishman, in which nothing can be gained by hypocrisy and deception, and which excludes all hope of delivery by natural means, deception and hypocrisy are almost impossible."

The Count started a few more objections, however, he could not persuade me that his bad opinion of the Irishman had not received a mortal blow.

"If your tutor were but here," said he, when he felt the weight of my arguments, "he would refute, with more success than I, your returning good opinion of the Irishman."

The words tutor, and Irishman! were scarcely pronounced, when a thought flashed through my soul.—"Should not the Irishman be acquainted with the fate of my tutor? I am almost certain, Count, that if any body can inform us of his fate, the Irishman can!"

"I doubt it very much!"

"I will at least make a trial. The least appearance of possibility ought to determine me to make an attempt. Let us return and conjure the Irishman to

"tell us whether he knows any thing of the fate of my tutor?"

"How can you flatter yourself to get admission to a prisoner who is shut up in an inaccessible dungeon? but let us suppose you could get access to him, it is very probable that he will be executed before we shall have travelled so many hundred miles, as my friend mentions that his trial will not be delayed. If you, however, are determined to make a trial, you may as well write to my friend, who will execute your commission with the greatest punctuality, if your letter does not arrive too late."

"Excellent!" I exclaimed, "I will write instantly."

"Stop! one moment only," the Count said when I was going to leave him, "did not the Irishman promise to meet us at * * * n?"

"Indeed I had entirely forgot this promise!"

"Should we not rather travel to * * * n, and see whether he will be as good as his word? I reason thus: If this extraordinary man really is what he pretends to be, if he really possesses supernatural powers, then he certainly will meet us at * * * n, according to his promise, and then you will get the intelligence which you desire. But if he is an impostor, you will not receive the least intelligence concerning the fate of your tutor; you may address him in person or by way of letters, consequently I think both our return and a letter to my friend will be useless."

I could not but approve the Count's reasoning, and we agreed to repair to * * * n, a place which was near three hundred miles distant from our present residence. The Count and myself parted reluctantly with the Prince of Braganza, who was not less unwilling to be separated from us. However the desire of seeing whether the Irishman would fulfil his promise, and the hope of hearing tidings of my tutor would have hurried me even out of—Amelia's arms. "Let us begone without delay," I exclaimed, "a secret presentiment tells me our journey will not be fruitless!"

We had resided already a whole month at * * * n, without either having heard or seen any thing of the Irishman, but I did not, nevertheless, give up every hope.—About that time my father, whom I had informed of the disappearance of my tutor, wrote me a letter replete with expressions of the greatest affliction. He had esteemed that worthy man as a true philosopher, and loved him as tenderly as a brother. This it was that prompted my father to grant my request to continue my travels under the tuition of Count Clairval, of whom my tutor had spoken with the greatest regard in a former letter to my parent. If he had known that this Count was a brother of Amelia's late husband, he would probably have refused my request. However my tutor had been silent on that head, and the Prince of Braganza too had recommended him in so advantageous a manner, that he was very happy to place me under his protection.

The same letter informed me, that very lately a commotion had happened in Estramadura, in favour of the brother of the Prince of Braganza, whose party had loudly demanded him to be placed on the throne of Portugal. "You know," my father added, "that almost one third of the kingdom belongs to the Duke; you know the title which the house of Braganza has to the crown; should it therefore be so very improbable that the conspirators will carry their point sooner or later. However, I declare solemnly, that notwithstanding our relation to the family of Braganza, I never shall take a share in a plot tending to invade the rights of a king to whom I have sworn allegiance."

"What am I to think of this incident?" said I to the Count. "But a few minutes ago we were of opinion that a secret design was carrying on to replace the old dethroned king on the royal seat of his ancestors, and now we are made acquainted with a pretender to the crown entirely different from him?"—The Count shrugged his shoulders.

That very day we received a second letter from the Magistrate. He informed us, that the Irishman, who had been condemned to be burnt publicly in twelve days, was looking forward to his execution with the greatest serenity and unconcern. And yet, I don't know how it came, I retained still a spark of hope to see the Irishman once more, notwithstanding the ridicule of the Count.

One evening, which had succeeded a very sultry day, the Count proposed a walk to a neighbouring wood. The sky was serene when we set out, but we had scarcely been an hour in the wood when it was suddenly overclouded, and the air began to grow very heavy. Every body had already left the field from the fear of an approaching storm; it was growing late, and the lightning and distant rolling of the thunder announced the impending tempest. We were going to return to the town, when suddenly cries of distress vibrated in our ears from a great distance. We hastened towards the spot whence the cries proceeded, and perceived a human figure, who was running with incredible velocity, looking back every now and then, as if pursued by robbers. As soon as the fugitive saw us, he hastened to meet us. I started back with horror, the figure resembling more a living spectre than a human being. His haggard countenance was covered with a death-like paleness, his tattered garments were floating in the storm, and his naked feet were stained with blood. But, conceive my astonishment, when the miserable wretch pronounced my name, and dropped to the ground. I stepped nearer to examine his features, and beheld—Palecki, the valet of Amelia!

Awful darkness began to veil every object around, the flashes of lightning grew stronger and stronger, the rolling of thunder louder, and the howling of the tempest more furious.

The emaciated figure rose with difficulty, wringing his hands in silent agony—and dropped again upon the ground,

"What does this mean?" the Count exclaimed, lifting up his stick as if going to strike at the fellow.

"Mercy! mercy! let me respire only a moment—I will confess all!"

"Well! then confess," I exclaimed, thou hast been Amelia's valet, and imposed upon me by two letters."

"Unhappy me! that I did it. I have been punished very severely for it. The *Unknown* has dreadfully re-sented that fraud."

"The *Unknown*, with whom thou wast leagued?"

No sooner had I pronounced these words, when the fellow dropped senseless to the ground, foaming, roaring, and labouring under the most dreadful convulsions. Meanwhile the storm was drawing nearer: the sky growing blacker, and every object around assumed a darker hue. The wind blew softer and damper, and the mournful dirges of the owls resounded in the wood, one peal of thunder succeeded the other, and dreadful flashes of lightning rendered darkness visible.

At length, the convulsions of the miserable wretch ceased, and he was stretched upon the ground without the least sign of life, exhibiting a view which excited horror and pity. A tremendous clap of thunder roused him from his insensibility.

"You are afflicted with the epilepsy?" the Count said, "have you frequently such dreadful fits?"

As often as the *Unknown* chooses to chastise me"—he replied in a faint and faltering accent.

"Dare not to impose upon us!" I exclaimed, "How long hast thou been afflicted with this illness?"

"Ever since I have deceived your Lordship."

"Thou liest, rascal!"

"May the next flash of lightning destroy me, if I do!" said he, lifting up his hands to heaven.

The lightning flashed, a clap of thunder shook the firmament, and awful expectation retained our breath—however, the daring challenger remained unhurt.—The rolling of the thunder re-echoed dreadfully all around, and rain mixed with hail, gushed violently from the black and heavy clouds. We fled into a grotto which the Count, assisted by the vivid lightning perceived at a small distance. Amelia's valet followed us closely, pale and trembling.

"Now," said I, "relate your story, but be brief."

"Having sent you the second letter," he began after a short pause, "I happened to awake the night following, and found my lamp extinguished; I fancied I heard somebody rustling by my bed and stretched out my arm; but feeling nothing all round, I imagined I had been deceived by a dream and fell asleep again. A short time after I awoke a second time, and heard distinctly some person walking up and down the room with slow steps. It could not be a delusion, for I was wide awake, and the walking up and down continued. Being sure to have bolted my door and

"windows before I went to sleep, my consternation was dreadful. I wanted to get down my sword which used to be suspended by the bed side, but could not find it. However, I took courage and called to the night-walker, but no answer was returned, and the walking discontinued; yet this did not lessen my fear. I scarcely dared to draw breath, and listened attentively. At length the noise was renewed, and somebody approached, and an icy hand touched my face. I jumped out of my bed, seized with terror, and called for assistance; however, nobody could hear me, my room being situated in a remote part of the house. I attempted to get out of the apartment, but some person took hold of me and flung me violently back; I fell senseless on my bed—A considerable time after, I heard a rough and hollow voice pronounce my name. Despair inspired me with courage, I got up, struck a light, and—My Lord, who do you think was standing before me?"—

A tremendous clap of thunder shattering an oak in millions of pieces, prevented me from returning an answer. We were yet almost stunned, when a second peal ensued. The tree was all in a flame. Palecki trembled violently, his teeth were chattering, and he could scarcely stand upon his legs. At length I asked: "Who was that spectre which disturbed you in your bedroom at night?"

"The Unknown. I fancied I saw his ghost and started back thrilled with horror, but he stepped towards me, asking in a dreadful accent: from what motive I had wrote to you two letters replete with fiction? seeing myself in his power I thought it would be most prudent to confess the truth and therefore replied frankly, 'Your disappearing in the apartment of the Countess and the miraculous cure you have effected, having made me believe that you must be a supernatural being, or at least something more than man, I wished to ingratiate myself with you, and prompted by that delirium, I have intermixed the relation of the recovery of the Countess with such fictions as I fancied would exaggerate your power.'

"'Reptile!' replied the Unknown, with annihilating looks, 'didst thou fancy that I could be bribed by fraud, or aspire to a borrowed glory, attained by fiction? What will the world think of me, when the fact which thou hast disfigured by lies shall appear in its real shape?'—I was going to exculpate myself, but the Unknown would not listen to me. 'Will the world not think' said he, 'that I have been privy to that deception, and ordered thee to divulge it, with a design to give the restoration of the Countess a miraculous appearance?' I did not dare to make another attempt to vindicate myself against his reproaches. He commanded me to follow him, if I valued my life; and I did so. A chaise was waiting for me at the gate; the Unknown ordered me to step in, and to repair to * * * o, where I should receive his farther directions. At * * * o, he appeared again

"to me. 'Take this garment of a pilgrim,' said he, 'and travel barefoot to * * * n, where thou wilt meet the person whom thou hast belied; recall, and tell him 'I have sent thee.' I was afraid to make any opposition, and began my pilgrimage without delay. Finding it very painful to walk barefoot, I put shoes on, in order to continue my travels with more ease. Would to heaven! I had never done it! for that very night I was punished with those dreadful convulsions which you mistook for epilepsy. I was afterwards always seized with the same disorder whenever I rested longer on my pilgrimage than necessity required."

Palecki's relation was frequently interrupted by the dreadful rolling of the thunder, and the furious howling of the tempest, which continued to rage with unabated violence. At length its fury was spent, the flashes of lightning grew fainter, the thunder ceased to roar, and a gentle rain fell down in small drops.

(To be continued.)

EXAMPLES OF LONG LIFE ATTAINED BY TEMPERANCE.

HIPPOCRATES avers, that excess in drinking is not so injurious as excess in eating. By filling the stomach with a variety of heterogeneous food, the most deplorable consequences must necessarily ensue: all the fine vessels and tubes of the human system must be choked and overloaded, and the current of the blood be interrupted, moving turbid and slow, through the oppression and violence done to nature.

By surfeiting and gluttony, the most fatal disorders must, of necessity be occasioned, and the human body be soon converted into one universal infirmary. Nothing is so friendly to nature as temperance: it is conducive both to health of body and soundness of mind. If we lived but according to nature, and made her genuine dictate and calls the rules and standard of our eating and drinking, one-third of those diseases and evils which now infest human life, would hardly be known. In proportion as luxury increased, the life of man was abbreviated. The seven kings of Rome reigned longer than the first twenty Emperors.

It is agreeable to contemplate the advanced years which those have attained who recommended temperance, and moderation of desire, both by their precepts and examples.

Pythagoras, who so pathetically inculcated abstinence from animal food, and so strictly enjoined upon his disciples frugality and self-government, lived according to an anonymous writer of his life, mentioned in Photius, a century.

The philosopher Gorgias, who declared that he had never eaten or done any thing for the mere gratification of his appetite, lived 107 years.

Hippocrates, the father of physic, lived above one hundred years.

Sophocles, the tragedian, at 90 years of age, produced one of the most elaborate compositions of the dramatic kind that the human genius ever perfected, and lived to be near 100.

The amiable Xenophon, who hath written so much in praise of temperance and virtue, lived to above 90. Plato, his cotemporary, reached his 81st year. Diogenes, the Cynic, died at about 90; Xenocrates, at 84. Zeno, the father of the Stoic Philosophy, attained his 98th year; and his immediate successor and disciple, Cleanthes, his 99th.

Pindar, who begins his poems with declaring water to be the best thing in nature, lived almost through a century.

Agæsiaraus, whose character is so beautifully portrayed by Xenophon, led armies at 80, established Nestanebus in his kingdom, and at 84, on his return from Egypt, finished a life adorned with singular glory.

Cicero, in his treatise on old age, introduces Cato, the Censor, in his 84th year, haranguing the people, and assisting the Senate, the people, his clients, and his friends, with his counsels.

The famous Lewis Carnaro, the Venetian, was of an infirm constitution till 40; at 80 he published his celebrated book, entitled, "Sure and certain methods of attaining a long and healthy life; and having passed his hundredth year, died in his elbow chair without pain.

Aurenzebe, according to Gemilli, from the time that he usurped the throne, never once tasted either flesh, fish, or strong liquors, and died in 1707, near 100 years old.

Many more instances might easily be produced, where regularity of life, tranquility of mind, and simplicity of diet, have furnished long scenes of happiness even in this transitory world, and blessed the late evening of life with unimpaired vigour both of body and mind.

But such instances of longevity are very rarely to be found in courts and cities. Courts have ever been the sepulchres of temperance and virtue, and great cities the graves of the human species.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE COTTAGE.

A SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

***Sweet pliability of the affections! that takes the barb from the dart of misfortune, and shapes the mind to its allotment! "I have been master of a palace," said Honorius; "and now my only habitation is a cottage. Troops of liveried slaves then obeyed my nod; and my sheep alone are now obedient to me. The splendid board is exchanged for the fruits that the earth yields to my own labour; and the rarest juice of the vintage is succeeded by the simple beverage of the fountain.

"But am I less happy in this nook, where my ill fortune has placed me, than when I passed my laughing youth in the gaudy bowers of prosperity? If I am not

"foothed by flattery, I am not wounded by ingratitude. "If I feel not the conscious pride of superior life, I am "not the object of calumniating envy; and I am now "too far removed into the shade for scorn to point its "finger at me. Tears I have none; and hopes---there "is my consolation! there is the source of my joys, and "the cure of my sorrows: they no longer rest on vain, "idle, fallacious objects---on private friendship, or public justice: they have now a more durable foundation, "they rest on Heaven! * * *

EDWIN.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Friday evening the 25th ult. by the Rev. Joshua Hart, Mr. WILLIAM BLYDENBURGH, merchant, to Miss SALLY ARTHUR, both of Smith Town, (L. I.)

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. THEODORUS VAN NORDEN, to Miss ALLETTA LANCEN, both of this city.

On Thursday last, at Haerlem, by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, the Rev. PHILIP MILLEDOLER, of this city, to Miss SUZAN BENSON, daughter of Mr. Lawrence Benson, of that place.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 27th ult. to the 2d inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	5, P. M.		8.	1.	5
MAR. 27	38	44	55	41	50	SE. S. SE	clear do. do.
28	41	44	44	40	SE. do W.	cloudy	rain clear
29	40	59	60	40	W. do. do	clear	do. do.
30	46	50	46	SE. do. NE	cloudy	do.	do.
31	37	75	41	75	40	SE. S.	rain cloudy do. do.
APR. 1	41	50	65	54	50	NW. SW. S.	clear do. do.
2	44	55	59	54	50	NW. N. do.	foggy cloudy do.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS

For MARCH, 1796.

Mean temperature of the Thermometer, at			deg. 100.	
8. A. M.	1 P. M.	5 P. M.	35	85
do. do. of the do. at 1	do. at 5	do. at 5	43	12
do. do. of the do. at 5	do. at 5	do. at 5	41	4
do. do. of the whole month			40	0
Greatest monthly range between the 8th and 29th			46	0
do. do. in 24 hours	7	8	21	25
Warmest day the		23	60	0
Coldest do. the		8	14	0

14 days it was clear at 8, 1, and 5 o'clock.

8 do it was cloudy do. do.

23 do. the wind was light at do. do.

6 times it was calm at the Observation hours.

4 days it snowed, 12 inches of snow have fallen in this month.

9 do. the Mercury was at, or below the freezing point at the Observation hours.

17 do. the wind was to the westward of North and South.

14 do. the do. was to the Eastward of do. do.

N. B. On the 16th at about 12 o'clock A. M. a very violent wind began, from the North-West—and continued with very little intervals, until nearly the whole of the night of the 17th, accompanied with some snow; the wind was so violent, that it tore a number of tiles from the roofs of houses, which were entirely new, and threw down several chimneys—and otherwise did much damage—particularly amongst the shipping in the North-River—On the 16th also, at 1 P. M. the Mercury in the tube of the Barometer, stood at 25 inches and 63-100, which was 7-100, below any time in at least two years.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH;

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

(Continued from page 312.)

"**D**ESPAIRING then to gain consent,
 " At length to fly with me
 " I won this lovely timorous maid;
 " To Scotland bound are we.
 " This evening, as the night drew on,
 " Fearing we were pursu'd,
 " We turn'd adown the right hand path,
 " And gain'd this lonely wood.
 " Then lighting from our weary steeds
 " To shun the falling shower,
 " We met thy kind conducting hand,
 " And reach'd this friendly bower."
 " Now rest ye both," the Hermit said,
 " A while your cares forego;
 " Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed,
 " —We'll pass the night below."

Part the Second.

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
 And every storm was fled;
 But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
 Fair Eleanor left her bed.
 She found her Henry all alone,
 And cheer'd him with her sight,
 The youth, consulting with his friend,
 Had watch'd the livelong night.
 What sweet surprize o'erpower'd her breast?
 Her cheeks what blushes dyed,
 When fondly he besought her there
 To yield to be his bride?
 " Within this lonely Hermitage
 " There is a chapel meet;
 " Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
 " And make my bliss compleat."
 " O Henry, when thou deignest to sue,
 " Can I thy suit withstand?
 " When thou lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
 " Can I refuse my hand?
 " For thee I left my father's smiles,
 " And mother's tender care;
 " And whether weal or woe betide,
 " Thy lot I mean to share."
 " And wilt thou then O generous maid,
 " Such matchless favour show,
 " To share with me a banish'd wight
 " My peril, pain, or woe?
 " Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
 " To crown thy constant breast;
 " For know, fond hopes assure my heart
 " That we shall yet be blest.
 " Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle
 " Surrounded by the sea;
 " Where dwells a holy pious priest
 " Known to thy friends and thee:

" This father Bernard, so revered
 " For every worthy deed,
 " To Raby Castle he shall go,
 " And for us kindly plead.
 " To fetch this good and holy man
 " Our reverend host is gone;
 " And soon, I trust, his pious hands
 " Will join us both in one."
 Thus they in sweet and tender talk
 The lingering hours beguile,
 At length they see the hoary sage
 Come from the neighbouring Isle.
 With pious joy and wonder mix'd
 He greets the noble pair,
 And glad consents to join their hands
 With many a fervent prayer.
 Then strait to Raby's distant walls
 He kindly wends his way:
 Meantime in love and dalliance sweet
 They spend the livelong day.
 And now, attended by their host,
 The Hermitage they view'd,
 Deep hewn within a craggy cliff,
 And overhung with wood.
 And near a flight of shapely steps,
 All cut with nicest skill,
 And piercing thro' a stony arch,
 Ran winding up the hill.
 There deck'd with many a flower and herb
 His little garden stands;
 With fruitful trees in shady rows,
 All planted by his hands.
 Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
 Three sacred vaults he shews;
 The chief a Chapel, neatly arch'd,
 On branching columns rose.
 Each proper ornament was there,
 That should a chapel grace;
 The lattice for confession fram'd,
 And holy water vase.
 O'er either door a sacred text
 Invites to godly fear;
 And in a little scutcheon hung
 The cross, and crown, and spear.
 Up to the altar's ample breath
 Two easy steps ascend,
 And near, a glimmering solemn light
 Two well-wrought windows lend.
 Beside the altar rose a tomb
 All in the living stone:
 On which a young and beauteous maid
 In goodly sculpture shone.
 A kneeling angel fairly carv'd
 Lean'd hovering o'er her breast;
 A weeping warrior at her feet;
 And near to these her crest.
 The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
 Attract the wondering pair:
 Eager they ask, what hapless dame
 Lies sculptured here so fair?
 (To be continued.)